

**SELECT**  
**PATHETIC AND THRILLING POEMS**

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**PAMPHLET FORM**

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## LOVE FOR GOD.

The elements of emotion of human heart  
Echo and re-echo with throbs of joy, happiness surpassed.  
The name of God when spoken stirs the heart and cells of mortal  
beings' brain,  
Does it link with "Spirit," "Angelic," "Fame" of "Heaven's"  
realms?  
Christian mind on earth can fathom depths—  
Responsive echoes answer It's the Love for "God."  
Sorrow, bereavement dwell at times in mortal beings,  
Love of "God" is balm, brings joy, no pain,  
What so sweet in "Prayer" Love for "God?"  
Time and Tide wait for none, even tho' mortal Fame  
"Jehovah Supreme!"  
Science never perfection. In thunder and lightning  
Tide ebbs and flows. In imagination of man  
Artificial wonders achieve, intellect refines, but in love for humanity  
The wonders of "God" define Creation.  
Humanity can never fathom only in "Spirit" and Love for "God"

## THE SOUL.

Can conception of Mind of Humanity but  
Admire the wonders of God's creative  
Love displayed.  
As a star darts through space from  
"Heaven's" realms.  
Its destiny in all its glory. A babe  
To receive mystic enveloped cloud,  
Linked to Body-Infant claimed.  
In flowers of earth emblematic  
Of Love, Purity and Innocence  
All one combined  
To meet its "Christ" and Shepherd  
In Smile.  
Life is given Human Frame  
As Caterpillar then Butterfly,  
What for!  
"For Angelic" Fame in  
Lustre of shining light  
And for "Jesus" to reclaim.

## LOVE IN THE FOREST.

In the still forest echo and re-echo,  
Sound of rippling stream and splash of swimming trout in playful glee.  
"Jehovah's Love" and "Creation" defined;  
The dusky Indian maiden of the woodlands, daughter of a chief,  
Softly treads Indian Trail, in water paddles birch canoe,  
To meet at lovers' trysting place, where no white mortal being ever trod.  
Flowers of the forest droop in beauty as she passes to catch smiles  
Of Love and Innocence, emblematic of the Flower of the Forest.  
She smiles. Is it love?  
The sweet melody of the whipporwill and songs of birds and twitter of  
chipmunk,  
And squirrel swell tones of music thro forest trees in their glee,  
Is it love?  
Little log house, House of "God," where pioneer met with hearty shake  
of hand,  
Where "Prayer" and "Love" did grow—  
Love in the Forest.

Now do we care for Landmark or Forest tree, Innocence and Beauty,  
 Axe to cut and leave stump to rot for wealth and glory;  
 Nor hear the cry nor see the tear of Indian hunter,  
 To flee for other woods,  
 To hunt bison and deer for Him,  
 Love in the Forest.  
 In autumn crimson leaf in forest shores, in pioneer log house of "Prayer"  
 Wigwam, Indian Trail, where Life and Love are now no more,  
 In "Spirit land" and "Spirit Heart," whispers, Oh, Nature, in its Love  
 and Beauty,  
 Why not let alone to enjoy memories of love, reflections bring back in  
 memory  
 One clasp of hand and glove.  
 The gentle breeze where once crimson leaf in autumn shade did fall,  
 Now do sigh o'er meadows, hill, Indian Trail and glen and soft responsive  
 sweet memories of pioneer Life and Love and Fame,  
 Where once the dusky warrior stood, now in old age memory faded,  
 Of the oak so tall, for Love in your heart for forest dwells in nature and  
 Love defined.

### ANGEL'S MESSAGE TO BOY AND GIRL SCOUTS.

(Complimentary to Boy and Girl Scouts in Canada, etc.)

In the realms of Heaven's Beauty  
 Can Humanity enjoy a more beautiful  
 Gaze  
 Far above the bright blue sky  
 Embodies the radiant splendour of reflections  
 Symbols of dazzling gems of transparent beauty  
 Of the Twinkling Stars.  
 Oh, where is Heaven's "abode?"  
 Is it not a general centre?  
 God's abode of transparent beauty!  
 Around it millions of revolving solar systems fly  
 Where Jehovah plants His throne  
 Casting reflections from Sun, Stars, and Moon,  
 Which throw their resplendent beauty  
 Where Mother, Father, Brother, and Sister  
 Long to meet their little Tot Angels and Loved ones  
 Emblematic of "Christ's" love for little Children  
 "He" stands upon the "Rock of Ages;"  
 Angels surround "Him"  
 He looks through the canopy that surrounds earth  
 Again and again  
 Where once "He" met "His" death for love  
 Of Humanity;  
 A smile upon "His" lips,  
 Among the "Angels" a commotion.  
 They follow "His" gaze across that mighty Gulf,  
 Which separates "Heaven" and Earth,  
 Upon earthly brinks stand, staff in hand  
 The lovely Girl and Boy Scout to do  
 "His" bidding.  
 Is it to train for love or war  
 Among you mighty nations  
 Or is it for Love and comfort to your  
 Christian little Brother and Sister  
 And be auxiliaries  
 To mental strain of the noble man who  
 "Preaches" God's pleasant and "Holy"  
 Words and whose lips are pure.



## WAR.

Is it for war or "Christ" you are training  
For nations that are great  
For "Angelic" future in Heaven's eternity?  
While on earth to comfort and win Boy  
And Girl "Souls,"  
Purity developed in manhood or sisterhood,  
Steadfast in "God's" great love  
Is not the Canopy of "Heaven's" Grandeur  
Our Home both rich and poor  
And Freedom, not the wail of Death,  
Or cruel Prison Gates' wail and despair  
Your message, lovely Girl and Boy Scout,  
Is to comfort and cheer little Boys and Girls  
With love and example  
Trusting in "Christ's" love,  
That is the message I will telegraph  
To my "Angel" Guide by mystic thought,  
To you may peace, not war, but Love  
On earth abide.

## ANSWER.

Kind "Angel" received your message full  
Of Love. Thanks from Boy and Girl guides in  
"Prayer" and Joy,  
The Maple Leaf our emblem in  
Nature's gifts  
First our duty to a Loving "Master Christ"  
In all its Glory,

World progress, sin to fight.

Where once prison cell and bar  
Now Scout drilling and playing ground  
And prison's ground laid bare,  
Where once moans of pain, Sorrow and Remorse  
Did hear.

No friend had they but grief and fear,  
Until brave Scouts come near

The Devil revels in glory.

The Bugle calls he must go

General rout no future despair. Forgive and Forget,

Next our Duty call in war,

To arms, homes "protect" Loved ones dear  
Sister Scouts "wound to dress," no fear. For  
Scouts are near.

'Tis sad war should be, but calls us to the front  
King and Country, in love, shed our blood

For Supremacy, "In mystic thoughts," 'Tis the answer  
We give to thee "Sweet Angel in Prayer."

## FORGIVE AND FORGET.

To forgive is "Angelic" test for  
"Christ is blest.

Noble actions, elements of hand, heart and love,  
Display. To forget drives all unkind  
Thoughts away,

From mortal beings.

Development of mind, refinement  
Proof and test to forget.

Balm, to heart and hand in "God's"

Creative designs.

One effort of Thought, in Time,  
Refines the Christian mind,  
In mystic thoughts for  
Humanity love for them defined.

### MONOTONY.

Procrastination, the Thief of Time with  
Drooping eyelids, Sleep begins before ebb of Time  
In Christian love. Duty refined  
Your love and interest for your employer,  
Love defined  
The Lily, Rose and flowers of the forest in  
Emblems combined,  
Purity, Love and Innocence  
For Christian brother and sister. Refinement  
In Emblems, Business defined.  
Happy hearts, "Spirit" prompts  
Us in duty, our employer gladly finds  
Beauty—Roses on the cheeks  
Can "fade" Responsive echo  
Beauty is not color, but  
"Christ's" love defined in smile.

### CREATIVE BEAUTY AND HUMANITY.

Is Beauty a "Heavenly Gift Divine,"  
In conception of Talent or Definition,  
Vocabularies eulogized defined.  
In realms of "Heaven's" splendor can be searched  
To find in solar systems in general revolve,  
Can Science in its great searches find, beyond  
The pretty blue sky,

Where earth once formed  
In Darkness intense. From whence in metallic orb in  
Shape did glide, in pretty "Heaven's" space,  
Through dark crevices it sped between darkness, and  
New formed sky of transparent beauty of twinkling  
Stars to seek an orbit to revolve.

In gaseous vapors form revolve for  
Future Home Humanity's Gifts Divine,

A Hardened Crust, from  
Pole to pole, with carpets of moss untold,  
Upon this heated Earth of matter rock, from Speed and,  
Velocity as it turns. Down from creative clouds and atmosphere  
Pour torrents of rain, to fill crevices in Mother rock, ready  
To receive in basins, seas, oceans, rivers and lakes.  
Mother rock, carpets of moss decay, strata to lay, for  
Trees and vegetation to grow, and water flow.  
Now a twinkling planet star in its beauty  
This new world now dotted, green meadows, seas, lakes and rivers in  
Their glory reflections of resplendent beauty of this  
Twinkling star, from waters pure. Can Talent otherwise  
Define dazzling beauty of transparent gems of "Heaven's" realms  
Jehovah's Creation

In Beauty defined



## HUMANITY.

Then comes Humanity in "Divine" form and beauty

To rule our Earth's "Paradise"

Infant, Purity, Love and Innocence

"Gift" of "God."

For perfection belongs only to "Jehovah" supreme in all its glory

A kiss from "Jesus" on Infant's brow, "His"

Love supreme, developed in manhood, womanhood

Brings Beauty's form and smile,

Beauty defined.

Roses on the cheeks and health can fade, but the Love of "Jesus" that

Springs from brain cells and active Heart in smile,

And dimple on face, elements of Beauty of Humanity,

Beauty defined.

For beauty of a smile of "Jesus," in humanity is for

Eternity and can never fade,

Beauty again defined.

## KETAWA, THE LITTLE INDIAN CAPTIVE'S PRAYER.

Tears may fall, but joy to come.

Through wigwam, through forest trees,

In silent tread, softly through green,

And crimson leaf, where acorns grow,

To knoll of moss, his little place of "Prayer"

On bended knees, and clasp of little hands

And curls hanging o'er brow.

He looks and gazes with smiling hazel eyes

In mystic thoughts "of Christ" beyond

The pretty sky.

Traits he learns of Indian tribe, not to cry,

For cruel beech gad and lash teaches him not

To cry, to know their wish, not afraid to die,

In snake-like crawl, in Indian form with tomahawk

Scalping knife, chief Ma-am-boo called

The Running Deer.

In Indian instinct closer to his little victim

In war paint, hawk feather and uplifted

Arm, to strike with aim,

And curly scalp to lift

He listens to little victim's "prayer" to "God"

Covered with hanging scalps of white mortal beings

Both young and old. He sees the Chief,

I love you chief, why strike me, the boy cries

I love you and nature's forest with flowers bright

And now no father on earth but you.

The chirp of chipmunk, birds and cowbell

Through forest ring, music in soft responsive

Echoes through the trees, flowers in gems of glory

Nature's gifts "of God" to light the green and crimson

Forest, in nature's love.

The missing Chief Ma-am-boo and victim

From Indian wigwam missed by Sa-chems and,

Warriors, in war paint of green, on scent and run on,

Path or Indian trail, follow on Chief's path,

To revel on little victim's pain,

For to be missed and found means death  
The head Chief Ma-am-boo they behold,  
Standing erect with folded arms, then,  
Upon his knees beside Ketawa in "Prayer"  
A little arm around Chief's neck, and  
Tears held back, tears in Indian and Chief and in eyes of  
Indian Chief's Sa-chems.

Did now flow to meet rippling stream in  
Response to echo through the hillside glen  
And dale of forest in its course birch canoe to row  
Forgive and forget as we want to do,  
To trouble Pale face no more, and  
Have Pale face for Sa-chems' friends. To  
Help hunt the Deer and Bison too. You know  
Brother Sa-chems and warriors, the white man  
May and may not be, for Greed of Gold  
And drive us from our hunting grounds, where  
Bison roamed, prairies, where pitched  
Our homes and our wigwams lie.  
Back, back, Red man of the forest cries  
The Pale face, what care we for Forgive  
And Forget. The wood of the forest and flower,  
Innocence and Beauty and rotted stump, where  
Once Sa-chems with their warriors stood  
Under that old oak tree in Indian council  
That in all its Nature and Beauty, dug up  
To clear land for Pale face, for wealth  
And Glory, what say you to this Brave  
Chief Ma-am-boo, from your

Indian Braves.

We fought the white man to protect our homes,  
And hunting grounds. Now poor Red Indian  
Has to go; Ma-am-boo with folded arms,  
And uplifted head and arms, stretched forth,  
Hand pointed towards pretty sky  
"Warriors, Sa-chems from words of  
Foster Son," Ketawa in "Prayer,"  
Did teach me. 'Tis good to Forgive and Forget,  
In Humanity all colors of race  
In "Spirit Land" all the same,  
For the "Great Spirit" tells Ma-am-boo,  
Loves the forest in Primitive Glory, in  
Its Nature and Beauty. Time rolls on,  
Forest swept away by axe and plow,  
Tree and clay near once loved Stream.  
To build "Church," House of "Prayer,"  
For Indian, Pale face, Ketawa and Papoose too,  
Now friends of Indian Sa-chems orators of the past,  
Peace at last.  
Ma-am-boo, Ketawa hand in hand  
Leads foster son, little chief, through forest trails  
To meet loved ones, his home now free from grief.  
'Tis well, Ma-am-boo Indian Sa-chem chief  
Met him, in captive fate, for  
He taught me by "Prayer," that there is a "loving"  
Saviour for all  
Even the Red man too,  
For in "Prayer," the little captive knew.



## ALBERTA, THE INDIAN CAPTIVE'S PLEA.

In the far West, untrodden by Pale Face,  
Where grass so green, where Deer and Bison,  
Roam, where sparkling streams teemed  
With fish and water fowl, and Indian in birch  
Canoe row, hunt in forest, prairie,  
Under "Heaven's" Canopy.

In silent wigwams Sa-chem  
Warriors meet, oratory flows from  
Sa-chem's lips, Alberta's pioneer child  
Little knew, what future fate in store  
To endure.

She pleads oh! Indian why so cruel,  
My loved ones, memory so sweet  
Oh take me not to stake, unbind my cords,

When wounded chief  
Lay faint on ground, no friend had he,  
Relief I gave and bound his wound  
On Indian trail. In silent tread  
Through forest flowers in their beauty,  
Would think Red man have pity.

Through pathless forest  
Roams with captive Pale Face maiden,  
Reserved for stake, torture to endure,  
Oh, Sa-chem warriors, in all your glory  
Let me plead

Once more, I love you Red man and forest,  
Too, On prairie, wide and long, nature's gifts  
In your wigwams, no prison like Pale-  
Face, so dreary, but Freedom not,  
Despair. For poor Red man, game plenty,  
Eat and live in glory.

With folded arms, Great  
Sa-chem warrior stood, to answer Alberta  
Many moons gone by, when game and bison  
Plenty, on our happy hunting grounds  
Sa-chem warrior orators not needed. Pale Face  
Across the briny sea, want our forest, land and our hunting grounds.  
Crooked tongue promise, never fulfil  
With bullet thin our game and drive Red man back.

Back, back, Red man of the forest,  
We want your trees to make cabins, land to  
Till and game to kill.

Back, Red man, back.  
Tear in eye poor indian, we want your bison,  
And deer of the forest.  
Gold, gold, untold glory  
Around council tree, Sa-chem warriors  
Gather, in anger, love for  
Pale Face now no more,  
Bow and arrow, tree in nature give,  
Deer hide, to twang bow, arrow fly  
True to aim, heart to pierce, arrow sure, but,  
Bullet quick.

On pretty spot nature's gift, once wigwam stood,  
Now on other grounds Red man takes his stand,  
Back, back, Red man  
Nature's gifts for us.

What care we, where Red man goes  
Where few deer and bison, now roam  
Back, back, Red man, we want,  
Your home and hunting grounds, more,  
Pale Face to grow.

Now Pale Face maiden  
Speak to me, Sa-chem warrior, her  
Answer, sorrow conquer Pale Face greed,  
Small piece land Pale Face give, for  
Indian corn to grow, Pale Face captive sorry too,  
With swift steps, towards Pale Face maiden  
Rushed Re-ha-woo, daughter of Sa-chem chief  
Hold in anger, lest you strike sister,  
Of the forest. Listen to the music and warble  
Of the birds, moan of fawn, bison and deer  
And hiss of angry King snakes, her forest  
Playmates, she holds so dear, she pleads  
For Pale Face, Indian maiden's sister  
As flowers of the forest trodden under feet  
When Indian brother in wounded state  
Brave good Pale Face bound his wounds,  
Indian, Red man, no forget,  
Pale Face reaches sister, "Great Spirit" Loves all men,  
Indian, Papoose, Pale Face maiden too  
One Love, Christian Faith,

Forgive and Forget  
Our future fate

Sa-chem warriors, answer, tell the  
Pale Face maiden, Alberta  
She is free.





